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ONE SHILLING.

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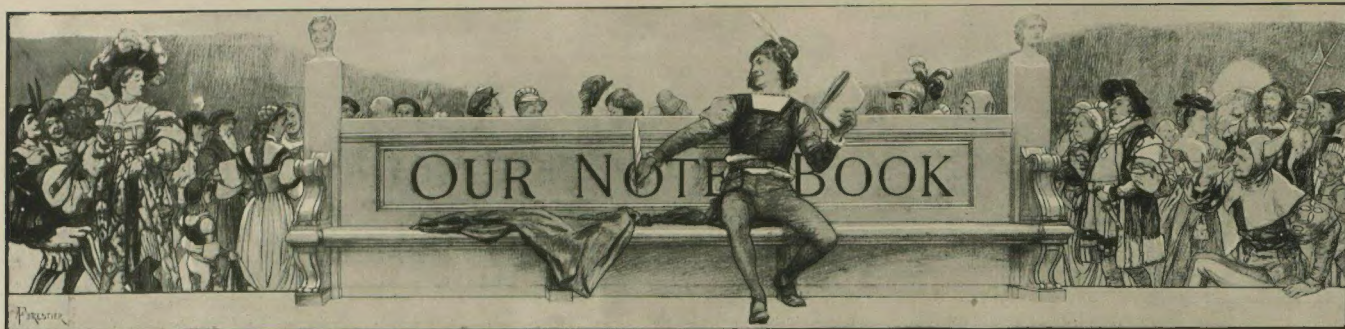


THE CO-ORDINATOR OF VICTORY: MARSHAL FOCH, THE ALLIES' BRILLIANT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

When President Poincaré presented Marshal Foch with his bâton (a ceremony we illustrate on another page), he pronounced an eloquent eulogy of his military achievements. In conclusion, he said: "Glory to you, Monsieur le Maréchal, and to all the Armies you command. . . . You do not believe, I feel sure, that we are from now onwards at the

end of our efforts and our sacrifices. You are, I believe, on your guard against optimism as watchfully as against discouragement. . . . Your magnificent armies are worthy of their Chief. France and her Allies will continue to be worthy of their armies. We have the will to conquer, and we shall conquer."

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE American, once regarded as the most pacifist of the Allies, is revealing himself as the most militant or even militarist of the Allies. That is, perhaps, the chief fact of the present phase; and it is naturally alarming both the pacifists in England and the militarists in Germany. The Editor of the *Nation* (so called because it is international or anti-national, or anything but national) is shocked not merely into a revulsion, but a reversal of feeling. Having long looked to the impartiality of America to check the fury of France, he is now actually and absurdly driven to appealing to the impartiality of France to check the fury of America. "France," he says, "alone of the European allies, is tactically in a position to moderate the American tendency towards a long war and extreme terms." Since Mr. Wilson declines to pour cold water on M. Clemenceau's patriotism, it follows (in some way I do not quite understand) that M. Clemenceau ought to pour cold water on Mr. Wilson's patriotism. I will not speak of the soaring impudence of asking the French, of all people, to thwart the Americans merely to save the Germans. It is enough that men are not very likely to frustrate those who have lately given them help, out of pure love for those who have literally given them hell. For the latter phrase, though attributed to a prominent politician, weakens and understates the justice of our own cause. Prussia does give men hell; it is all she has to give, even to Prussians. But our guns are not giving hell, but rather the judgment of heaven.

But a speech like that of Senator Lodge is, as has been said, equally ominous to the war party of Germany and to its partner, the peace party of England. The Germans hear a new voice across the Atlantic, which says to them something substantially like this: "Now that your imperialistic war has failed, you are talking about the Peace Congress, about the League of Nations, about the

was not beaten in 1871. You shall appeal to a League of Nations with the same radiant success as France appealed, when you pillaged her of her provinces and drained her of her gold. We will allow the same beneficent international intervention which you yourself so generously invited, from all the other nations of the earth. We will accept your principle of give and take; and we will



THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR, WHO HAS RETIRED ON ACCOUNT OF OVER-WORK: MR. WALTER HINES PAGE.

To the deep regret of everyone in this country, Mr. Page recently resigned his position as United States Ambassador to Great Britain, which he has held since 1913, as his doctors had ordered a period of complete rest, owing to overwork. He is well known in the literary world as publisher and editor. —[Photograph by Bassett.]

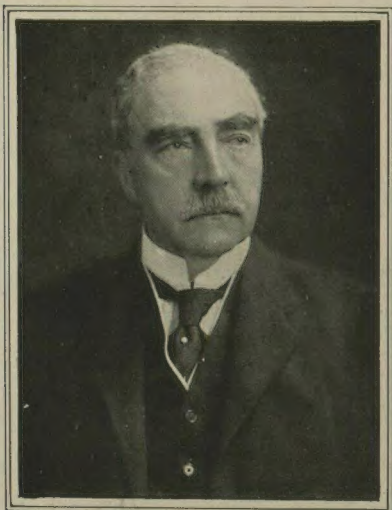
give what you gave, and take as you took. It must surely flatter you that your moral practice should be taken as a model; and that we should so far strive to be like you. We will be like you in all except one little thing: that what you simply did, we have the right to do. You did it without provocation to your personal enemy. We do it with provocation to the enemy of mankind. Yes; we compliment you when we copy you; as the hangman compliments the murderer whom he has to kill." That is the tone, very unmistakable, of more than one message that has come across the Atlantic; it is sounded in Senator Lodge's speech, and in many other speeches and articles. That is the voice that comes out of America; and, assuredly, it is as fierce as the voice that comes out of France. It is something indubitably strange and terrible, something men do not understand in Germany; something men have not always understood in England; something that has its own dangers and terrors as well as its just desires. But if anyone is curious to know what it is, it is democracy.

To begin with, of course, it means that the European mind is beginning to understand another side of the American character. Germans especially, and other Europeans too frequently, have formed an opinion of American psychology which was bound to be superficial because it was superficial. There really is an element in America of a strange sort of deracinated Puritanism; a crude and creedless fanaticism. It is something that made a friend of mine, a very able Englishman who lives in America, say to me on one occasion: "There is something about the American business man that always reminds me of the old-fashioned gentleman who fought duels." It is something from which the sensitive can smell danger, a

potential rapidity like the swiftness of a word and a blow. It suggests that the carrying of a revolver in the hip pocket has had something of the effect on the figure of the old sword-hilt at the hip.

The Germans have left out this little detail altogether in the detailed catalogue of all the characteristics of Americans which their professors have doubtless compiled. They were not wrong in supposing that a thin theoretic pacifism was one of the layers of the spiritual soil in America. But they ought to have suspected it, instead of trusting it, because it was the top layer. Anyhow, the rest of the stratification contains much more volcanic rock. Most of our Parliamentary Pacifists are about as like a volcano as Primrose Hill; indeed, Primrose Hill would be, for them, a very appropriate mountain of vision, whether they connect the word "Primrose" with the Liberal Lord Rosebery, or the Conservative Lord Beaconsfield. Men of this kind cannot have the remotest conception of what America is all about. If one of them went to America at this moment, he would feel like a Christopher Columbus; and think he was looking at red men performing a war-dance. Nor have they ever dreamed of how ancient are such dances, nor of what red clay man was made.

It seems a pity, when so much is talked about democracy, that so little is thought about democracy. As a fact, one of the virtues of this type of government is that very fierceness and fighting spirit which these critics take for a vice. If we like to put it in a paradox, the case for a democracy is that it consists entirely of aristocrats. When reactionaries praise an oligarchy for its dignity, its spirit, and its sense of honour, they fall into a simple fallacy. They forget that oligarchy does not mean the extension of these things; on the contrary, it means the restriction of them. It is like admiring the uprightness of a tribe, in which only two or three men are allowed to walk



RECENTLY RESIGNED: SIR EDWARD HENRY, LATE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS.

Sir Edward Henry had been Commissioner of Police for fifteen years. In recognition of his services the King has conferred upon him a baronetcy. —[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

international settlement, and the policy of give and take. Under your favour, we will believe your acts and not your words. There shall be exactly as large, as free, and as equal a Peace Congress as that which discussed, with such delicacy and deliberation, whether France was or



THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR C. F. NEVIL MACREADY.

Sir Nevil Macready has, since 1916, been Adjutant-General to the Forces. He is a son of the famous actor, William Charles Macready. He saw service in Egypt and South Africa. —[Photograph by Savaine.]

upright. All the other men, walking on all fours, might be happy, but would hardly be dignified. America has its own faults; democracy has its own faults; but it means a state where every man is on his hind legs. And it is a posture which leaves the hands free to strike.

"THE POOR TOWN IS A DREADFUL SIGHT": IN RECAPTURED ALBERT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



"ALMOST A SHAPELESS HUMMOCK OF RED BRICK": THE CATHEDRAL AT ALBERT.



"ONLY THE SHELL OF A BUILDING": ALBERT CATHEDRAL—ANOTHER VIEW.



"MERE RUBBISH-STREWN PATHS BETWEEN STUMPS AND WRECKS OF BUILDINGS": A STREET IN ALBERT.



HALF-AN-HOUR AFTER THE GERMANS HAD QUITTED ALBERT: RAILWAY LINES NEAR THE STATION.



"THE GREAT MASS OF THE NAVE STILL STANDS": THE INTERIOR OF ALBERT CATHEDRAL.



AMONG THE RUINS OF ALBERT: A STREET IN THE TOWN JUST AFTER THE GERMANS WERE DRIVEN OUT.



THE TRAGEDY OF A TOWN: A BRITISH SOLDIER'S VIEW OF ALBERT FROM INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL.

The recapture of Albert by British troops was announced by Sir Douglas Haig on August 22. Writing the next day, Mr. H. Perry Robinson said: "Yesterday evening our troops were through the town, in which and its environs over 700 prisoners were taken, scattered in separated posts. . . . The poor town is a dreadful sight. The streets which used to be familiar are now mere rubbish-strewn paths between stumps and wrecks of buildings. . . .

The great church, or cathedral, from which the golden image of the Virgin and her Babe hung for so long, is only the shell of a building—almost a shapeless hummock of red brick. The great mass of the nave still stands, but I can describe it best by saying that so a toy cathedral, made of wax and painted red, would look if it had been half-melted in a fire. Yet, ruined as it is, it still stands high."

"THE SPIRIT OF VICTORY AND THE HUMAN PRICE OF

BRITISH OFFICIAL AND

VICTORY": BATTLE SCENES DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE.

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE BRITISH CAPTURE OF A RIDGE IN THE NORTH: WOUNDED SCOTS COMING THROUGH THE TRENCHES.



A CONTRAST IN MORAL: TWO GERMAN PRISONERS STOOPING TO AVOID SHELL-SPLINTERS WHILE A BRITISH SOLDIER STANDS UNCONCERNED.



DURING THE BRITISH ATTACK ON THE SOMME FRONT: GERMAN PRISONERS BRINGING IN ONE OF THEIR WOUNDED.



WOUNDED IN THE BRITISH ATTACK NORTH OF ALBERT: BRITISH BEARERS CARRYING BACK A STRETCHER CASE.



A NEW USE FOR TANKS: CANADIANS BOARDING ONE AS A TRANSPORT WAGON TO CONVEY THEM ON THEIR WAY.



RANGE-FINDING DURING OUR ADVANCE: SOLDIER AND HIS INSTRUMENT.



BRINGING IN WOUNDED DURING THE AUGUST OFFENSIVE: BEARERS GETTING A STRETCHER CASE ACROSS A TRENCH.



CAPTURED IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE NORTH OF ALBERT: GERMAN WOUNDED RESTING ON THEIR WAY TO OUR LINES.



THE GUARDS OCCUPYING A GERMAN SECOND-LINE TRENCH NORTH OF ALBERT: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE-GUN AND PRISONER STRETCHER-BEARERS.



LIGHT RAILWAYS USED FOR THE TRANSPORT OF CASUALTIES: WOUNDED SCOTS TAKING THEIR PLACES IN A TRAIN.



TOWARDS BAPAUME: A BRITISH SOLDIER FIRING HIS INSTRUMENT.



WITH A MACHINE-GUN FROM ONE OF THEIR ARMoured CARS FIRING OVER THEIR HEADS: CANADIANS ADVANCING.

Typical scenes on various parts of the British front during the recent battles are shown in these photographs, which illustrate for the most part the return of prisoners and wounded men of both sides to the British rear, though the Tank and its prototype, the armoured car—still used with great effect on the Western Front—are also represented. After every battle the casualties and the prisoners form a pathetic spectacle. Incidents very similar to those shown in our photographs are described by Mr. Philip Gibbs in an account of the later British victory which broke the "Switch" or "Wotan" line on September 2. The scene was a road leading to the Front. "A stream going one way was made up of an endless chain of batteries

and gun-limbers going forward to follow up the enemy and battalions marching up in support. . . . The other way, coming away from the battle-line, were walking wounded and prisoners and stretcher-bearers. On one side was the spirit of victory moving forward, and on the other side the human price of victory and the tragedy of defeat. Crowds of German prisoners came stumbling back in small groups of twenties and fifties. . . . Many were wounded, their heads all bloody and their faces like masks of blood or with broken arms or bullet wounds in their legs. Others . . . were carried shoulder high on stretchers by their unwounded comrades, one man to each corner of the stretcher, trudging slowly down that crowded way."

READING BY EAR FOR THE BLIND. (See Illustration on Page 276.)

THE utilisation of selenium for "converting light into electricity" is one of those things which have been carried further in Britain than anywhere else. The Optophone, exhibited at the British Scientific Products Exhibition, is a remarkable illustration of what can be done in that direction. It enables blind people to read any ordinary book or newspaper by ear, instead of relying on the use of raised type.

The Optophone is the invention of Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, late Lecturer in Physics in the Universities of Birmingham and of the Panjab. The test carried out last year by representatives of London Blind Institutions showed that it was possible to read an ordinary newspaper without an error by ear. Since then the instrument has been greatly improved, and the result is the book-reading optophone now exhibited for the first time. A number of blind people have been taught to read with it; one of these being a British officer blinded in the great Somme battle of 1916.

The type-reading optophone is the last link in the evolution of the instrument, which began with the "exploring optophone," described in *The Illustrated London News* of July 6, 1912. That

instrument enabled a blind person to locate windows, lamps, the sun and moon, and the skyline over a building. It was, however, considered to be of little practical utility to the blind. "The blind problem," said a well-known blind solicitor, "does not consist in locating windows, but in earning one's living." The inventor, therefore, set to work to devise something of undoubted usefulness, and the result is the type-reading optophone of to-day.

The instrument consists essentially of an electric lamp, a perforated disc (Figs. 5, 2, and 3), spinning rapidly on its axis, a perforated selenium "tablet" (Figs. 3 and 2), and a sensitive telephone-receiver. The disc breaks up the beam from the lamp into five tiny shafts of light (Fig. 3), each flashing rapidly; and each at a different rate, ranging from 200 to 400 flashes per second. These five tiny shafts of intermittent light travel side by side in close array until they fall upon the sheet of printed paper (Fig. 3). There they produce a line of luminous dots just the size of the letter "i." If, now, a selenium tablet, connected with a battery and telephone, is placed near this shining line (as in Fig. 3), the light from each flashing dot produces a current in the selenium which surges

to and fro at the same rate as the flashing of the dot, and each dot thus produces its own musical note in the telephone. By converting, so to speak, the light into electricity, selenium bridges the gulf which ordinarily separates seeing from hearing.

Now what happens when the line of dots passes across a printed letter? Some of the dots will fall on the white spaces. The notes corresponding to these will continue sounding in the telephone. Others will fall on the black body of the letter. These notes will be silent. And as the letter is passed, the chord changes, and the letter, so to speak, sings out its name (Fig. 6). A word sounds like a succession of harmonies and discords, mixed with squeaks and twitters. The characteristic sound of each letter must be learnt. It can be done in a fortnight; and another six weeks' practice suffices for learning to read with accuracy. Speed comes later. So far, the record is some ten words a minute; but this will probably be more than doubled soon. It is found that type-written letters, and even letters written by hand, in imitation of type, can be deciphered with the optophone. But, for the present, it suffices that the printed literature of the world is once more open to them that dwell in darkness.

THE WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY.

MODERN surgery dates from the introduction of anaesthetics. It is not easy nowadays to realise the horrors of hospital practice when every movement of the surgeon's knife severed the patient's soul as well as his body. Professor George Wilson, the second patient on whom the famous Syme performed his operation of amputation at the ankle-joint (first carried out in 1842), has left on record his emotions during the ordeal. "During the operation," wrote Wilson, "I watched all the surgeons did with a fascinated curiosity. Of the agony it occasioned I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words, and thus, fortunately, cannot be recalled. The particular pangs are now forgotten; but the black whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close on despair, which swept through my mind and overwhelmed my heart, I can never forget, however gladly I would do so." Time was torture then, and the long, deliberate operations of to-day were impracticable.

If the hospital was a torture-chamber then, the battlefield was an inferno. The visitor to the scene of a great action (so we are told by one who

went over the stricken field of Solferino) had an illusion of being on the sea-shore: the miserable cries of the wounded resembled the rhythmic clamour of waves; there was a salt tang in the air from the blood that had been poured out. The progress of the surgeons, always far too few, was marked by the breaking out here and there of dismal wailing. . . . War has been purged of half its horror by the invention of anaesthetics, and of more than half its destructiveness of life by the aseptic technique which prevents infection, and has put an end to the "hospital diseases" that so puzzled the pre-Listerian practitioners—some of them actually proposed the periodical destruction of hospital buildings as a heroic remedy.

To-day the surgeon can carry out the most complicated example of "reconstructive surgery" with the deliberate carefulness of a chess-player, and he can be sure that the wounds will heal healthily without matter forming to destroy his artistic handiwork. And the present war has so vastly increased his opportunities and experience that he can now accomplish feats of physical reconstruction that were utterly undreamed of in peace time. Nobody who knows the progress made by surgery on every scientific front in

By E. B. OSBORN.

the last four years is likely to challenge the saying of a famous military surgeon: "There is something to be said for a great war, after all. A century of peace-time practice could hardly have told us what we now know—and our new knowledge may in the end enable us to save more lives than the war has cost us!"

The transplanting of skin, flesh, and bone—often contributed by others—is the new method which most amazes the lay mind. In one military hospital there is a patient whose defects have been made good by bone borrowed from three comrades. The repair of shattered and dehumanised faces is another crowd-compelling wonder. But the making of new joints, the replacing and re-education of nerves, and, above all, the new idea of a useful stump, though less easily explained, are even more wonderful. The last-named advance, which is mainly due to the Italian surgeons, is nothing less than a revolution in amputation. It is no longer a question of preserving a mere stump—every bit of muscle and sinew which can be kept is now utilised as motive-powers for the movable parts of wonderfully designed artificial limbs. As a wounded soldier told me the other day: "Why, I can *feel* and *think* down this new leg of mine!"

THE SOLDIERS' RETURN TO THE LAND.

LETTERS from soldiers at the front and conversations with soldiers home on leave testify to the determination of very many men to settle on the land after the war. They are needed there. Committees have been organised; plans have been considered to facilitate the task of settlement; slowly but surely the need of co-operation upon the largest possible scale has been recognised. We may take it for granted that the hard work associated with land reclamation will have no terrors for most of those who essay the new life; it is for the authorities to see that their efforts are wisely directed.

To this end, it seems right that agricultural training camps should be established in every county that boasts an Institute of Agriculture, and that the counties lacking such an Institute should establish one—there is no reason why they should not pay their expenses from the start. An immense number of wooden buildings will be released by peace, and these will be of great use and importance. Depôts of agricultural machinery will be required, so that ploughing, cultivating, drilling, reaping, binding, and the rest may be carried out in the shortest time and with the greatest saving of labour. Tested seeds, properly

bred stock, and good breeds of poultry must be within the reach of the new yeoman class at moderate prices; a spirited attempt must be made to revive the rural industries that disappeared from the face of England during and immediately after the Napoleonic wars. Lecturers and supervisors in every county must be constantly at work to give the new-comers the benefit of their knowledge; and special attention must be given to "side lines" for which the several-hundred-acre farmer has no time—such as the breeding of goats, bee-keeping, the medicinal herb-garden, small-fruit culture, and the stocking of stew-ponds to turn the coarse fish of England to profitable account.

If we hope to make the returned soldier a successful as well as a contented man, we must not stop here. It is not difficult to raise the fruits of the earth, to fill the egg-basket, and the honey-jars; the real trouble in rural districts is to sell the surplus. Existing methods are wasteful in the extreme. The small man must often waste a day to get his goods to market; he is at the mercy of the trading rings, that exist not only in the great centres where hundreds of tons of stuff are handled, but in the little country towns, with their ill-attended, badly provided weekly sale. At present

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

the bulk of the profit of small producers is taken from them by a tribe of middlemen. The Food Production Department of the Board of Agriculture has at last recognised the danger, and is beginning to deal with it.

Success will come to the endeavour and prosperity to the producer when, at a certain time on a certain day in every week, the co-operative van run by the county authorities calls at the small man's holding, takes away produce that has been carefully graded according to direction, and carries it away to a market that no ring is allowed to encircle. The proceeds of the sale, less a commission sufficient to pay the costs of collection and marketing, will be paid to the grower, who will be free to devote all his energies to the task of producing the goods in the sure knowledge that they are required and will fetch the full market price. Along these lines we may revive the yeoman class that England has lacked for a hundred years. Incidentally, we shall be taking a step towards making this country more self-supporting in the matter of food, and less dependent on imports from abroad—an ideal condition of things whose importance the war must by this time have made obvious to everybody.

IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, ITALY: CEREMONIES, MOSQUITO-NETS; NEW ALLIES.

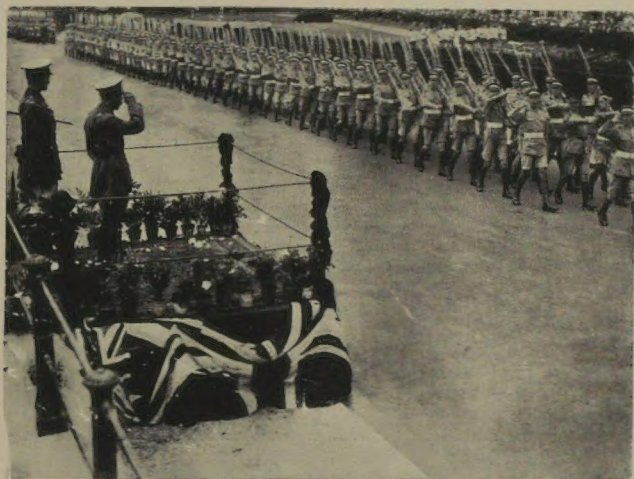
PHOTOGRAPHS—FRENCH OFFICIAL, ITALIAN NAVAL OFFICIAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PISCULLI.



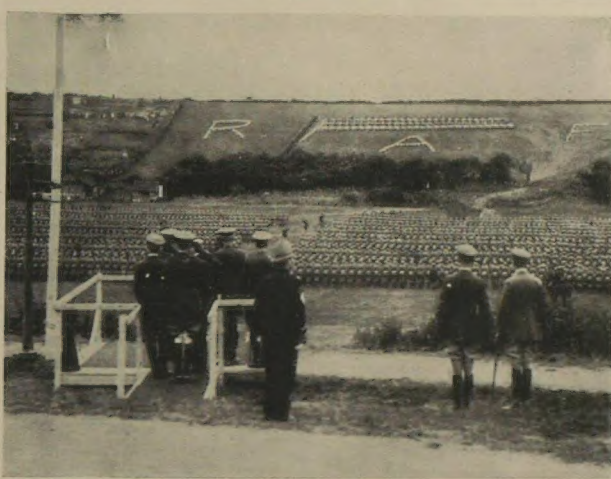
MARSHAL FOCH HOLDING THE BATON JUST PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT POINCARÉ: A CEREMONIAL EMBRACE.



NECESSARY PRECAUTION ON THE PIAVE: ITALIAN SOLDIERS WEARING MOSQUITO-NETS FOR SLEEPING IN.



THE KING'S INSPECTION OF R.A.F. CADETS: HIS MAJESTY RETURNING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST.



INCLUDING THE FULL-STOP: "R.A.F." IN HUMAN CHARACTERS; AND A PARADE BEFORE THE KING.



NEW ALLIES FROM THE FAR EAST: TYPES OF THE 1ST SIAMESE CONTINGENT—TWO N.C.O.'S AND A PRIVATE.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN ROME: SIR CHARLES HANSON WITH THE MAYOR OF ROME (LEFT) AT THE CAPITOL.

The starred black baton of a Marshal of France was presented by the President to Marshal Foch at his headquarters in the garden of an old country house.—On August 30 the King, as General-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force, inspected the R.A.F. Cadets in training at a seaside town. The main body paraded in a large field and sang the National Anthem, while others were grouped on a hillside to form a flag, which changed into that of the R.A.F. with its initials. Later there was a march-past along the sea-front, Captain Prince

Albert leading one of the companies.—The first Siamese Contingent, comprising aviation, motor, and ambulance units (all volunteers), arrived recently in France. The Siamese wear khaki uniforms. Their commander is Major-General Phya Bkijai Janridh, K.C.M.G.—Sir Charles Hanson, the Lord Mayor of London, recently visited the Piave front, Venice, Padua, and Rome, going thence to Turin and Genoa. In Rome he flew over the city in an airship. The Mayor of Rome, Prince Colonna, gave a luncheon in his honour.

THE UNITED STATES AT WAR.

VII.—AMERICA IN THE WAR—ITS WOMEN.

By Edward Marshall.

AMERICAN women, in a sense, were prepared for rapid mobilisation in war-effort; for generations they had been accustomed to teamwork. They had begun to organise for many activities long before women here had thought about massing their sex for any independent effort. Practically every village in the country for years has had its women's groups banded for study and work—political, sociological, charitable, or industrial—on a basis more democratic than that of the most broad-minded men's organisations, embracing all classes in mutual helpfulness. When the war came this carefully nurtured habit gave a ready-made and vast foundation for the women's emergency organisations which at once came into being. Immediately a Central Clearing House for Women's Activities was established at the National Capital under the name of the Women's Committee, and was designated officially a branch of the Council of National Defence, the great general war machine, and this promptly began to synchronise the efforts of all local women's clubs (thousands in number throughout the country), the National Women's Suffrage Association (with its great political influence), the powerful Federation of Women's Clubs, various immensely potent patriotic societies, the whole Women's Trade Union League (including practically all organised women's labour, in the country), the Young Women's Christian Association (with an immense membership), the Housewives League (another organisation of vast numerical strength), the Women's Relief Corps (which dates from Civil War days), and the numerous and efficient Red Cross chapters. In America, the land of great disasters, the Red Cross never is permitted to relax its efficiency of organisation.

Especially for war-work this great Committee has established eleven departments. That of Registration and Organisation showed on June 25 a membership of 1,648,967 from only twenty of the smaller States with a total population of but 13,000,000. As the proportion of organised women in the more thickly settled States, for which the figures have not been compiled as yet, sometimes is much higher than one out of four in the total female population, it is believed that final totals will show a third of the nation's women definitely engaged at specific, organised war-tasks.

Nearly one hundred thousand of the first million have been or are being, trained as experts in one branch or another. State, county, and local committees bring the Central Body into touch with every woman in the nation. There are specific departments for Child Welfare, for Food Production and Food Administration, for Health and Recreation, for Education and Propaganda, for Recruiting Soldiers, for Recruiting Nurses, for Maintenance of Existing Social Service Agencies, for Liberty Loan Activities, for Allied Relief, for Women in Industry (women in munitions work included), and for Publicity. More than 25,000 volunteer nurses have been found by the Recruiting Departments, which not only have recruited women, but have raised a division of volunteer soldiers and filled up a Tank brigade.

The work as a whole has led to a study of the status of women throughout the country, minute

beyond any precedent in history, to improvements in legislation, to the establishment of better methods in agriculture and industry, to the perfection of organised machinery for education and relief, to many things of great national significance, irrespective of the war. All lines of colour, creed, age, and social status have been abolished. White women and coloured work together; the illiterate immigrant may find her table-mate a woman rich and prominent in local social life. Dr. Anna Shaw, one of America's most distinguished Suffragists, who is at the Committee's head, says: "It reaches

College a sub Committee of the National Committee on Mental Hygiene is training psychiatric social workers for the task of repatriating disabled soldiers.

The fact that the President and the Government as a whole are fully in sympathy with the women is shown by the circumstance that Mr. Wilson has removed the Judge who rendered most of the decisions against women pickets who watched the Presidential residence during the suffrage campaign a year ago, and personally has appointed Miss Kathryn Sellers Judge of the Children's Court in the District of Columbia.

The Federal Department of Labour opened the Women's Bureau as a Fourth of July gift to American women, "in recognition of the great importance to the nation of the work of women in industry, and the urgent necessity for a national policy in determining the conditions of their employment."

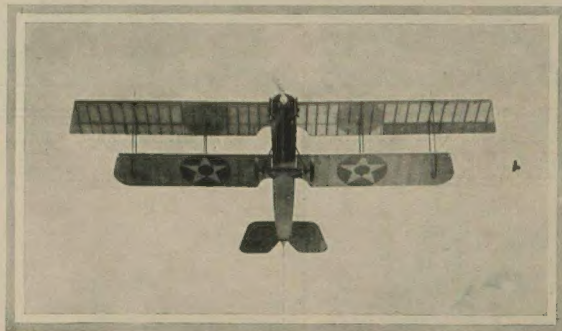
Its staff has Miss Mary Van Kleeck as director, and she holds a place on the National War Labour Policies Board. The Assistant-Director, Miss Mary Anderson, from the cramped life of a little Swedish farm, went to a shoe factory in Chicago, studied in night schools, became a naturalised American citizen and a powerful worker in the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. Miss Van Kleeck is as nearly an aristocrat as American life permits; Miss Anderson is a product of its most pronounced democracy.

Miss Hilda Milhauser Richards, head of the recently created Women's Division, United States Department of Labour, has developed her work under ten heads: First, a survey of the whole industrial field, eliminating industrial non-essentials to the war; second, the establishment of women's branches of the Federal Employment

Bureau in every State; third, co-ordination of the thousands of existing private or semi-private committees dealing with women's war-work; fourth, research to inform the employment Bureau branches of changing conditions; fifth, fitting women for work new to them; sixth, especial agricultural training; seventh, study of industrial conditions and standards; eighth, a volunteer body to care for women-workers transported from one part of the country to another; ninth, a vocational committee to advise women with regard to the nature of the work most needed, and how to train; tenth, miscellaneous effort.

A hint at what the recreation work for women-workers, alone, amounts to, is found in the programme for "instruction in amusement" of the girls and women employed in the Government Departments at Washington. It includes organised "hikes," bicycle trips, auto-truck picnics, and the like, tennis tournaments, indoor baseball meets, folk-dances, hockey, rowing, swimming, a general course in gymnastics, and the opening of an immense recreation-hall for all Government-employed women and girls.

Every effort is being made to avoid two possible results of war-activity among women and girls: First, loneliness; second, the break in social life which would come from the isolation of young women from young men.



ABOUT TO LOOP THE LOOP: AN AMERICAN 'PLANE AT THE U.S. MARINES' FLYING SCHOOL IN FLORIDA.—[Photograph supplied by Newspaper Illustrations.]

out its arms to every woman in the country. The Society women of the large centre and the farmer's wife of the remote community are united through it in one great sisterhood, banded together in the common cause of national and international security and welfare."

To make a general survey of the work which is being accomplished in consequence would take far more space than I have been allotted. I can only write some of the details which seem most



THE ADVANCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: AN AMERICAN FIELD ARTILLERY POSITION DURING A LULL BETWEEN BARRAGES.—[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

interesting. For example, the ubiquitous "college girl" of America takes the lead in the hardest of all this effort, just as the college man took the lead in the enlisting and recruiting. Already in Europe are many units of one kind or another recruited by American women's colleges, and at home the work of these institutions is magnificent. It was Barnard College, not the Government, which started the Women's Land Movement in America; the vast property of Vassar, the nation's leading women's college, has been turned over, at least for the summer, and much of it probably for "duration," to the nursing profession; at Smith

THE STARS AND STRIPES ON MONT BLANC: THE WILSON PEAK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. JOYE.



A PEAK ON MONT BLANC RENAMED AFTER PRESIDENT WILSON: THE MAYOR OF CHAMONIX AND HIS PARTY SALUTING THE AMERICAN FLAG AFTER THE CEREMONY.

This photograph records a very interesting ceremony that took place on Mont Blanc on August 15. The Municipality of Chamonix had decided to rename the Pilschner Peak, so called after a German Alpinist, as the Wilson Peak, in honour of the President of the United States. Accordingly, the Mayor of Chamonix, accompanied by a large party, ascended by way of the Grands Mulets to the top of the peak, and thereon hoisted the Stars and Stripes, which was acclaimed by vigorous cheers. In the evening the ceremonies

concluded with an illumination of the crevasses of the glaciers by Bengal fire. Mont Blanc is, of course, famous for the immense glaciers that surround it, and was formerly known by the name of Les Glacières. The first ascent was made by two Chamonix men in 1786, and the first winter ascent by a woman, Miss Isabella Straton, in 1876. The usual route to the summit is from Chamonix by way of the Grands Mulets Inn (9909 ft.), and the shelter-hut at the Bosses du Dromadaire (14,312 ft.). The summit rises to 15,782 ft.

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

GERMANY'S INFERIORITY IN THE AIR.

By C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ALL accounts from the Front, whether from official war correspondents or from newly returned aviators, agree as to the immense superiority of the Allied Flying Services over those of the enemy. It seems, in fact, as if the Allies have, between them, secured something very like that Command of the Air which certain very prominent people publicly proclaimed only a year or two ago to be impossible to obtain. One is practically forced to the conclusion, by all these varied accounts, that the German Flying Service has gone to pieces.

Just why it should be so is rather hard to explain, except on the theory that the German High Command lacks imagination, and did not expect that the Allies would make such a terrific effort in the air and, therefore, failed to anticipate that effort. There were times—notably in the winter of 1915-16, when the Fokker monoplane had things all its own way; and in the winter of 1916-17, when the Albatros biplane was in the ascendant—when the Germans distinctly had the upper hand, and when the French and British losses were far heavier than the Germans'. Even in the autumn of 1917, when the British R.F.C. was having things all its own way, the French Service d'Aviation was having a remarkably bad time. But, now, both the French and British are right at the top of their form, and American squadrons, mounted on French and British machines, are already adding very materially to the discomfiture of the Hun. Lack of imagination is certainly a German characteristic, clever though the Germans are in following a good lead. Before the war the Germans laid themselves out to build up a big air fleet, as air-fleets went in those days; and two or three months before the war, when the Royal Flying Corps was unable to muster more than 50 aeroplanes fit for flying at one time, the Germans kept a fleet of 200 machines always in flying order at Döberitz, besides probably another 1000 or so divided among their numerous military stations.

At the outbreak of war, the best German aeroplanes, the big Albatros, and Aviatik, and D.F.W. biplanes, were sent off at once to the Russian front. In fact, a friend of mine who was at Johannisthal three days before Great Britain declared war, saw twelve Albatroses start for Vienna in that morning as casually as if they were going to the next aerodrome. The reason for thus sending the best machines to the Russian front was that the Russian Armies covered such a vast extent of ground that it was necessary to do reconnaissance of 200 or 300 miles at a stretch in order to locate them

accurately. Probably the Germans' experiences of 1914-15-16 convinced them that Great Britain, at any rate, would never be a formidable adversary as regards aeroplane and aero-engine construction, and that France could never make up for England's deficiencies. What the Germans did not foresee was the sudden enormous jump in output when Sir William Weir took charge of Aircraft Supplies in 1917; and the still more far-reaching results of his new policy of leaving the design of new type

machines and engines to the Aircraft Industry, instead of trying to standardise everything down to a Government design, which had previously resulted in a kind of Bovrilised mediocrity. This vital mistake on the part of the Germans left them inferior to the British Flying Services, both in the quantity and quality of their shore-going aeroplanes by the end of 1917; and though certain of their seaplanes have since shown themselves to be of very high quality, the area of operations of those seaplanes is so limited that they do not seriously affect the war.



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY: MAKING A "SAUSAGE" FAST.
Official Photograph.

It now seems quite probable that the German High Command, having laid down a certain definite aeroplane programme, both as regards material and personnel, somewhere about the end of 1916, or the beginning of 1917; and having based that programme on erroneous premises, now finds itself in a position which it is very difficult to improve, because all the German aircraft factories have been "combed out" to a terrific extent in order to find men for the Army. Evidently frantic efforts are being made to speed up output, for an examination

aeroplanes and engines; but there is a happy medium between spending labour to the extent of perhaps, a hundred pounds per machine in merely making an aeroplane look pretty, when its life is likely to be about three weeks, and turning out aeroplanes like cheap orange-boxes. Thus one is certain that British output, and probably French, could be materially increased by abolishing some of the unnecessary "finish," and using the labour thus saved, for the production of useful parts; and one is strongly of the opinion that German output has reached its limits, both of material and labour capacity. Therefore it seems that, unless some miracle happens, the Allies' superiority in the quantity and quality of their aircraft will be so immense very soon, especially when the American machines begin to arrive in quantities, that the Germans will be practically driven out of the air.

The other side of the question concerns personnel. Here the Allies have an absolutely enormous advantage. The Gaul, the Anglo-Saxon, or the Celt has always made a far better aviator than the Teuton. Long before the war it was remarked that very few of the crack German pilots were genuine Germans. Their best men were nearly all either Alsations, Danes, or Slavs. Stoeffler, their best cross-country flier in 1913, was an Alsatian. Suvelack, another of their best, was either a Czech or a Pole. The two von Richthofens, about their best war-pilots, were Silesians. And among their present star turns one finds names like von Boenigk, Udet, and so forth, which are anything except real German. Apparently the supply of non-German pilots is limited. It has been notorious for centuries that the German is a shocking bad horseman; and it is a recognised fact that a good horseman is always a good pilot.

On the other hand, the Allies have practically an unlimited supply of young men belonging essentially to equestrian races, on which to draw for more and more pilots. The youngsters now coming into the Royal Air Force from English schools belong to all classes of horsey people, from the old fox-hunting county families to the sons of yeoman farmers and the progeny of horse-breeders and trainers. Even the town-bred lads who have never been on a horse's back are probably the grandsons of country-bred people. The Scots and Irish are, if anything, still nearer to the mounted fighting men of the past. The French, likewise, have been an equestrian people from time immemorial. And the Americans, being the descendants of the most adventurous Europeans

of the past five centuries, take to flying as a duck takes to water. Taking it all round, whether from the point of view of material or of personnel, everything points to the German being outnumbered and outclassed from the present time onwards, until such a date as he makes up his mind that he has had enough, and offers to make a peace on land as well as in the air, on such terms as may be agreeable to those who hold the Command of the Air.



FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER IT LANDED: A GERMAN SINGLE-SEATED AEROPLANE.
Although badly wounded, the pilot of the machine is expected to live.—[Canadian War Records.]

of the detail work in any German aeroplane is enough to give any British or French aeronautical engineer cold shivers down the spine. Quite apart from the fact that German ideas of design are very different from ours, the material and workmanship are too terrible for words. True, we can learn much from the Germans in the matter of economising both material and labour, for we are apt to go to extremes in what a distinguished Admiral called "spit and polish"; especially in the interior of

THE GREAT ADVANCE: A BRITISH ARTILLERY OBSERVATION POST.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WAITING TO SEND INFORMATION TO THE BATTERIES AS TO THE CREEPING BARRAGE: IN AN ARTILLERY OBSERVATION-POST.



TELEPHONING TO THE GUNS: OFFICERS AND SIGNALLERS SENDING INSTRUCTIONS AS TO THE CREEPING BARRAGE.

When the gunners are unable to see the targets at which they are firing, they depend of course, on the information supplied to them from artillery observation-posts and from aircraft. During an advance they regulate their barrage-fire, which creeps ahead of the infantry, by the same means. These photographs show a typical case of a British artillery observation-post at work during the great Allied advance on the Western Front.

The officers and signallers have stationed themselves in a loft or attic in the upper storey of a damaged building, whose windows command a view over the enemy's position. From their post they telephone the results of their observations to the batteries in the rear, whose fire is regulated according to the information they supply. Observation-work is very dangerous, as the occupants of the post may be discovered and cut off.

THE PADRE AND HIS OLD "CHURCH": A BRITISH CHAPLAIN IN THE SOMME ADVANCE REVOLVING MEMORIES OF 1916.

DRAWN BY
C. W. DE GRINEAU.



REVISITING HIS "PARISH," LIBERATED BY THE GREAT ADVANCE ON THE SOMME:

"One of the strangest things about all this fighting," writes Mr. H. Perry Robinson, in an account of the new Battle of the Somme, "is the way it thrills one with memories of 1916. We have again come into possession and made temporary use of, prisoners' cages which used to be crowded with Germans in this same month two years ago. When we recovered them the grass grew rank inside the wire enclosures, but already it is being trodden down. Sadder is it that we have buried some of our recent dead in the old graveyard beside their comrades of the first Somme fighting. Much agricultural machinery and similar things which we left behind in our retreat of March this year has become ours again. The Tanks recaptured one of their

A BRITISH ARTILLERY CHAPLAIN AT RUINS OF A NISSEN HUT, ONCE HIS CHURCH.

familiar tankodromes—the one in which I first saw Tanks before they went into action for the first time in the September before last. And what memories come thronging at the sentence in the communiqué which tells us that 'Welsh troops have captured Mametz Wood'!" Another instance of memories revived is illustrated in our drawing, which shows a British Artillery chaplain revisiting his old "parish," newly liberated from the enemy. The church was in a Nissen hut, the ruins of which are seen on the left, with the Cross still standing on the altar. The broken benches, wrecked by shell-fire, had, strangely enough, not been used by the invaders for firewood.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT ADVANCE: GENERAL BYNG'S ATTACK TOWARDS BAPAUME; AND SOME OF OUR 57,318 GERMAN PRISONERS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



A DOUBLE V.C. AMONG THE FIRST WOUNDED OF THE EARLY MORNING CASUALTIES: GERMAN PRISONERS BRINGING IN A HERO OF THE EAST SURREYS.



THE WORK OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY RESTING THEIR HORSES BY A RUINED



IN THE ADVANCE TOWARDS BAPAUME: CHURCH JUST BEHIND THE FIGHTING AREA.



AN IMPROVED "STRETCHER" CONSISTING OF A LENGTH OF PIPING AND A BLANKET: GERMAN PRISONERS BRINGING IN ONE OF THEIR OWN WOUNDED.



DAMAGE DONE BY OUR ARTILLERY IN THE GERMAN LINES: REMAINS OF WRECKED GUN-CARRIAGES.



A GERMAN AMMUNITION DUG-OUT BLOWN UP AT ENEMY POSITION ON



ACHET-LE-PETIT: BRITISH SOLDIERS AT A CAPTURED THE WAY TO BAPAUME.



HEAVY AMMUNITION ABANDONED BY THE GERMANS AT ACHET-LE-PETIT: A CRATER FULL OF BIG SHELLS.

Bapaume was captured by the New Zealanders on August 20. The British offensive in the direction of that town was launched at 4.55 a.m. on the morning of August 21, by the forces under General Sir Julian Byng, on a front about midway between Arras in the north and Albert in the south. An official communique giving an account of the first day's fighting said: "At the opening of the assault English and New Zealand troops, accompanied by Tanks, stormed the enemy's foremost defence lines under cover of mist, capturing the villages of Beaucourt-sur-Ancre,

Puisieux-au-Mont, Bucquoy, Ablainville, and Moyenneville. Thereafter English divisions continued the advance as far as the neighbourhood of the Albert-Arras railway, capturing the village of Achet-le-Petit, Lognon Wood, and Courcelles. Severe fighting has taken place at different points along the line of the railway, and west of Achet-le-Grand a strong hostile counter-attack was repulsed with loss to the enemy." An official despatch of September 1 stated that during August the British troops in France had captured 57,318 German prisoners, including 1283 officers.

TRENCH-MORTARS IN THE GREAT ADVANCE: AN INCIDENT IN THE ATTACK ON BRAY-SUR-SOMME.

DRAWN BY C. W. DE GRINDAU.



THE NEW BRITISH ADVANCE OVER THE OLD SOMME BATTLEFIELDS OF 1916: A

Just before the attack on Bray, a small town on the Somme about ten miles west of Péronne, a strong point in the German line was bombarded by trench-mortars. Near the mortar shown in our drawing a platoon of infantry waited for the word to rush forward. The action was described by the Australian correspondent, Mr. C. E. W. Bean, in a message dated August 24. "Last night," he writes, "Tasmanians and Victorians north of the Somme attacked the town of Bray, which, owing to the previous 48-hours' fighting,

6-INCH TRENCH-MORTAR BOMBARDING A STRONG POINT IN THE ENEMY'S LINE.

now lay in a hollow beneath them. The Germans defended it with many machine-guns. After several hours of obstinate struggle, however, these were either driven out or surrounded, and the town captured and 70 prisoners taken. Before dawn the Tasmanian and Victorian line was well beyond the town. In a dig-out near Bray, the Germans had chalked up, 'Englishmen, we are coming back.' As one of our men said, it would have been truer if they had said, 'going.'"
 (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



REPORTED ACTION OF THE BRITISH FORCES, GERMANY, APRIL 1918.



GOAT-FARMING AND FOOD PRODUCTION.

I VENTURED to urge, long ago, in this column, that no time should be lost in starting goat-farms; by way of securing a much-needed addition to our milk and meat supply. It was, of course, a very obvious thing to do; but no serious attempt to take the matter up seems to have been made till recently. Now that the British Goat Society has taken up the subject in real earnest, we may look for speedy progress; so that goat's milk, and butter and cheese made therefrom, may soon be placed on the market. But even if surplus supplies do not suffice for this, a perceptible saving of the normal sources of these commodities must result, to the great benefit of the community at large.

The Zoological Society, which has already done yeoman service in furthering schemes for adding to our food supplies; and has, at the present moment, no less than 200 pigs under fattening, and a large number of utility poultry, lent a helping hand to the latest venture when it arranged with the British Goat Society that it should hold its Annual Exhibition at the Gardens. The Show opened on Aug. 20, and closed on the 22nd. Thereby a large number of people who are taking up goat-keeping, as a means of adding to our food supply, were enabled to gather much-needed information as to the management of this form of live stock, and the most profitable types to start with.

Those who visited the Show for this purpose must have been surprised at the variety of choice, in the matter of breeds, which was theirs. To begin with, a selection could be made between two distinct types. In the one of these the ears are narrow, pointed, and erect; in the other, long, broad, and pendulous. The former represent the "Swiss and Anglo-Swiss"; the latter, the "Nubian and Anglo-Nubian"; though these represent by no means all the known races of the domesticated goat. All these, however, are to be regarded as the descendants of the wild goat, or ibex (*Capra aegagrus*) of Greece, Asia Minor, Persia, and Western India. The wide range of differences which now exists between the ancestral wild goat and its domesticated descendants need not be wondered at, when it is realised that goats have been kept under domestication for thousands of years. The Neolithic Lake-dwellers kept goats extensively.

In the matter of coloration great transformations have been effected, ranging from pure black, and brown, to pure white, and combinations thereof. In the form of the horns great changes have also taken place. In some races the females, and in others, both sexes, are polled. A further peculiarity, not met with in wild species, is the presence of two pendulous lappets of skin on the

MACHINE-GUNNERS IN GAS-MASKS: ITALIAN MARINES IN THEIR EMPLACEMENT.
Italian Naval Official Photograph.

throat, at the angle of the lower jaw. Similar appendages are present in some races of domesticated pigs, though, so far, no explanation is forthcoming as to the origin, or significance, of such excrescences. As to the best utility breed, opinions differ, as opinions will. The deepest

of the milk. An ordinary goat should yield about 196 quarts of milk during nine months of the year: the largest returns being made during June, July, August, and September; though, by careful management, in a large herd, the maximum of productiveness may be spread over a much longer period.

Goat's-milk cheese is hardly known in this country; yet it is most excellent, and is highly esteemed on the Continent. From its richness in casein this milk is eminently adapted for cheese-making; and it is to be hoped that, before long, it will be procurable in quantity, now that ordinary cheese is so scarce. Butter made from goat's milk, though of excellent quality, is generally regarded as inferior to that made from cow's milk. But this disfavour is largely due to its lack of colour, and the fact that it does not keep so well. These slight drawbacks are, however, in these days of butter shortage, likely to be discounted.

The meat of the full-grown goat, which resembles venison rather than mutton, is generally regarded as dry, owing to the fact that the fat of the body is mainly accumulated round the kidneys, not distributed between the muscle, as in the case of mutton. But castration in the male has a marked effect on the quality of the meat, producing a really fine flavour. Of all breeds the Angora is regarded as the best meat-producer: the flesh being described as equal to mutton. Kid meat, unfortunately, in this country is little esteemed, though in delicacy it is not to be distinguished from that of chicken. In Italy and Spain and the South of France it is in constant demand, as it was among the ancient Hebrews, and Greeks, who, indeed, ranked it among their daintiest dishes.

Finally, the goat would yield us a quantity of excellent wool, as in the case of the Angora goat; as well as of leather for light shoes; while the horns are also saleable for the manufacture of knife-handles. Having regard to the price of leather to-day, it would almost pay to keep goats for the sake of their skins alone. There can, at any rate, be

THE CAMPAIGN IN ALBANIA: RIVER TRANSPORT OF SUPPLIES AND WAR MATERIAL AT A BEND OF THE CERNA.
Italian Official Photograph.

milkers will probably be found in the cross between the Anglo-Nubian and Swiss breeds; though some breeders prefer the cross between the English and Nubian goats, on account of the superior quality

no question about the desirability of starting in real earnest to increase our uses of this much-too-long neglected animal. Goat-farming has a promising future.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, HISTED, BRERFORD, YATES, SPEAIGHT, BARNETT, KENT-LACEY, SPINK, BACON, DOVER STREET STUDIOS, DEBENHAM AND GOULD.



CAPT. C. E. H. TEMPEST-HICKS, M.C., CROIX DE GUERRE,
Lancers. Only son of Brig.-Gen. Tempest-Hicks, C.B. Mentioned in despatches.



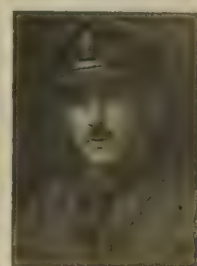
2ND LT. G. D. HULBERT,
Hussars. Has been officially reported by the Authorities as killed in action. Only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hulbert, Cosham, Hants.



CAPTAIN A. N. HAMPTON WEEKES, M.C.,
Royal Sussex Regt. Has been officially reported by the Authorities as having been killed in action.



CAPT. BRYAN DESMOND HUGHES, M.C.,
R. Dublin Fusiliers. Third son of the late Hon. John Hughes, M.L.C., Sydney, and Mrs. Hughes, Marble Arch.



CAPT. EDWARD MILLAR ELLIS,
H.A.C. Has been officially reported as killed in action, after four years' service. Aged 38.



MAJOR F. P. BELCHER,
R.F.A. Only son of Mr. J. F. Belcher, Joint Manager, London, City and Midland Bank, Church Street, Sheffield. Died of wounds.



LIEUT.-COL. CHRISTOPHER BUSHELL, V.C., D.S.O.,
Commanding the Queen's R. W. Surrey Regt. Son of Mrs. Bushell, "Hillside," St. Margaret-at-Cliffe, Dover.



MAJOR ERIC BROWN LEES,
Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry. Eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Brown Lees, of Thurland Castle, Lancaster. He was a large land-owner.



MAJOR CHARLES EDWARD FYSH, D.S.O., M.C.,
Seaforth Highlanders. Son of the late Mr. Edward Thomas Fysh, Lee, Kent, and nephew of Sir Philip Fysh, K.C.M.G., Hobart, Tasmania.



MAJOR N. STAFFORD ROBINSON,
R.F.A. Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Robinson, of Cotherstone, Yorkshire. A keen yachtsman and member of the North-umberland Yacht Club.

MAJOR A. C. CAMPBELL, D.S.O.,
King's Own Scottish Borderers. Younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Campbell, of Grasmere, Westmoreland. Officially reported as having died of wounds.



MAJOR J. A. GROVE,
A.S.C. Died of wounds. Joined the Public Schools Special Corps, September 1914; obtained his commission in November, and was promoted Captain in December.

MAJOR R. B. CHARSLEY,
King's (Liverpool) Regt. Second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Charsley, of Stoke Poges, Bucks, and grandson of General Gascoigne, Brighton.



CAPT. JOHN HUGH GUNNER,
Yeomanry. Son of Mr. C. Richards Gunner, of Ridgemed, Bishops Waltham, who has lost two other sons.



LT. C. E. ERROLL HAY,
Lancers. Only son of Mr. C. E. Hay, of Somerby House, Oakham, and grandson of Sir John Hay, seventh Baronet.



LIEUT. ERIC IRVIN JONES,
London Regt. Officially reported by the Authorities as having been killed in action. "A most gallant and courageous officer." Son of Mr. Irvin Jones. Aged 21.



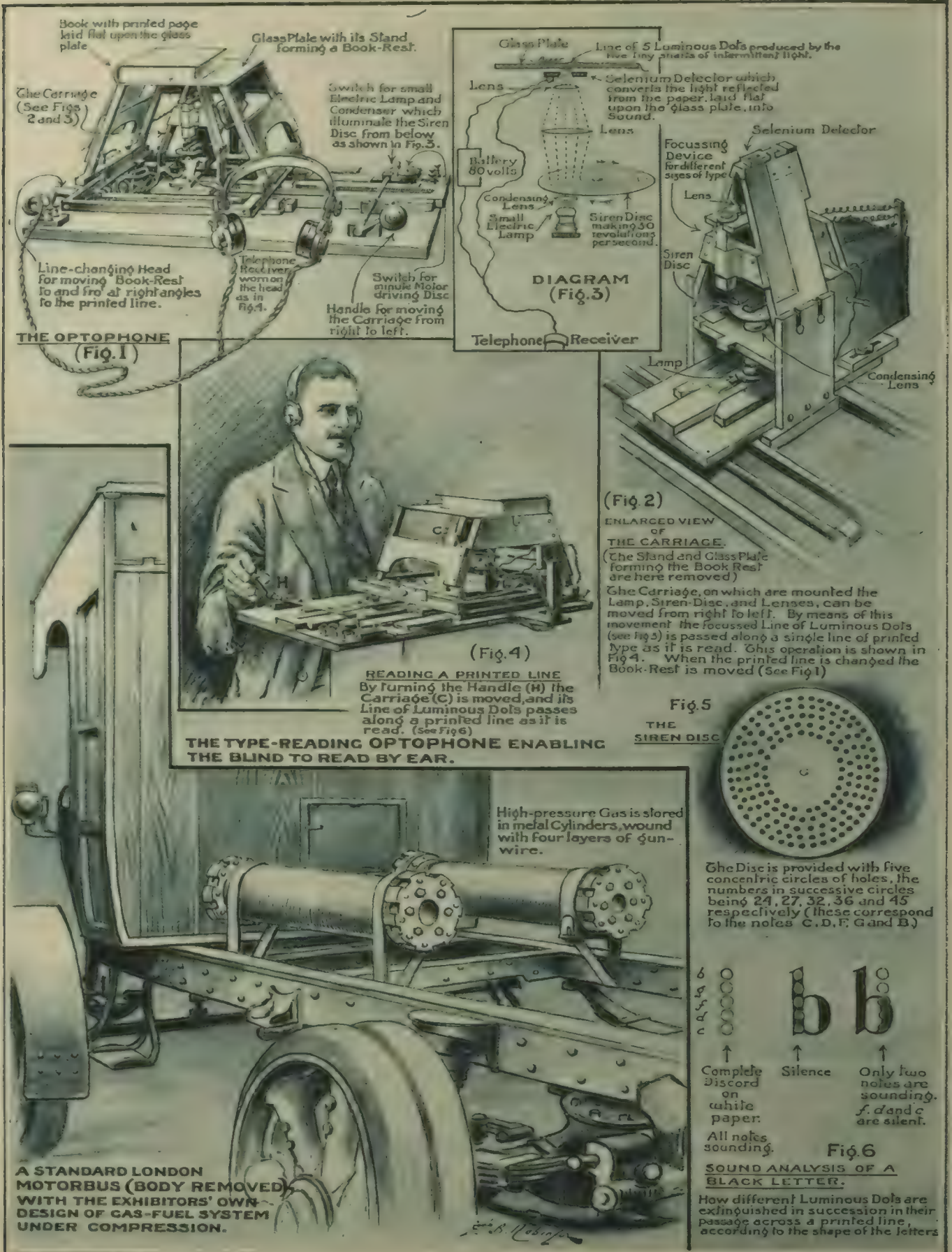
CAPT. HADDO R. D. FRASER,
Hereford Regt. Son of Mr. D. Fraser, Joint Managing-Director of the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank.



CAPT. HAROLD J. SKILL,
Middlesex Regt. Died of wounds, as a prisoner of war, in Germany. Son of the late Mr. Octavius Skill, The Bury Manor, Felstead.

EAR-READING FOR THE BLIND: AND A GAS-BUS: NEW INVENTIONS.

DIAGRAMS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



AT THE BRITISH SCIENTIFIC PRODUCTS EXHIBITION: THE OPTOPHONE; AND A GAS-FUEL MOTOR-BUS.

We illustrate here two inventions at the British Scientific Products Exhibition, at King's College, Strand. The Optophone is an instrument for enabling the blind to read by ear, by a delicate apparatus that makes each letter record a different sound, conveyed to the reader through ear-pieces similar to a telephone-receiver. This is done by means of selenium, which has the remarkable property of responding electrically to every change

in the light falling upon it. The Optophone, whose mechanism is described in an article on another page, was invented by Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, late Lecturer in Physics in the Universities of Birmingham and the Punjab. At the foot of the page, on the left, is a diagram of a new compressed gas-fuel system designed to be tried, experimentally, on London motor-omnibuses.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SHANGHAI," AT DRURY LANE.

SPECTACLE and the preparations for it give the artists far too small a chance in the new Drury Lane operetta of "Shanghai." Here we have a big cast engaged, of really clever folk, whose talents are half-wasted because so much time is usurped in the staging of elaborate scenes. That some of the scenes are uncommonly beautiful, notably that of the "Buddha on the Hill" with its vista of harbour, town, sea and sky—need not be added; indeed, they would lose their last excuse if they were not. But accessories ought not to get in the way of the entertainment as they do at the Lane. Miss Ivy Shilling, for instance, and her partner, Mr. Paul Jakovleff, are wonderful dancers; but the bulk of their turn is occupied with preliminaries, so that their dance seems only just begun when it is over. Mr. Bert Coote—again, as comedian, is only spared a moment to give any idea of his quality; and the same may be said of Mr. Ray Kay as eccentric dancer. Mr. Alfred Lester, to be sure, has one of those comically dolorous parts—his Cockney Chinaman laments that he has got an English heart in a Chinese body—which suits his vein of humour; but mirth-provoking though he is, he will need more opportunities if he is to reach his best form. Similarly, Miss Dorothy Brunton, so enthusiastically received by her Australian admirers, was only permitted to reveal on a small scale the vivacity she would seem to have at command. No doubt, with the big sets running smoothly the management will soon make better use of its personnel. As it is, there are some good songs for Mr. Harry Dearth, Miss Blanche Tomlin, whose dresses are, perhaps, a trifle too Western in colour; and that robust vocalist, Mr. Harry Claff; and some telling passages for Mr. Fred Wright as the captain of a junk.

"THE LAW DIVINE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

The best scene in Mr. H. V. Esmond's new drama of domestic sentiment and war-work is that in which two boy brothers discuss whether the younger shall be allowed to tell their mother about a lady's latch-key, which they detected in their father's possession. The elder boy, who is in the Navy—assumes a most amusing man-of-the-world air. But, really, if Mr. Le Bas appropriated that latch-key, it was entirely the fault of Mrs. Le Bas, who was so sure people ought not to be happy in wartime, even though, as in her husband's case, they had returned wounded from the front, that she absorbed her days in committee



KIGHTING THE AUSTRALIAN COMMANDER: THE KING AND GENERAL MONASH.—[Official Photograph.]

meetings and correspondence, adopted a separate bedroom with telephone arrangement complete, let the family meals look after themselves, and piqued her



AS CHEERY AS EVER: A GROUP OF BRITISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WOUNDED ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]

uxorious spouse into seeking female consolation elsewhere. There are laughable moments, and quite a budget of witty sayings and conversations. Mr. Pat Somerset and Mr. John Williams, as the boys in the two Services, come in for the happiest sallies, and are nature itself in all their movements and speeches. For the rest, a bevy of accomplished actresses—Miss Jessie Winter, Miss Doris Lytton, Miss Margaret Watson, Miss Barbara Hoffe, and Miss Marie Illington—show to delightful advantage; while Mr. Esmond, the actor, does his full serious duty by Mr. Esmond, the author.

"THE LIVE WIRE," AT ST. MARTIN'S.

If the whole art of the spy-play is to keep your audience making wrong guesses at your secret, as no doubt it is, then Mr. Douglas Hoare and Mr. Sydney Blow are artists at the game, and successful artists. It is safe to say that no one in the first-night audience, until the confession came, had his eye fixed on the actual culprit; so that the playwrights pulled off their surprise, and provided their audience with a thrill satisfactorily enough. Where their story lies open to criticism is in its picture of the working of a newspaper office. Not only the proprietor-editor himself, but his staff generally, seemed to hang round doing little but talk and amuse themselves, while the paper made itself. In Fleet Street a "live wire" run on these lines would be dead in no time. Still, Mr. Hallard proved a dignified and amiable Press-magnate; Miss Hilda Trevelyan showed charm, and Miss Helen Morris suggested mystery. Mr. Donald Calthrop was all nerves and energy as the hunted spy-hunter; and Mr. Alex. Scotty-Gatty had a fine burst of rhetoric as the real spy.

"TELLING THE TALE," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Your Gallic farce makes a good start in the way of libretto for a musical comedy. The authors of "The Live Wire" have managed very well in their adaptation of "Une Nuit de Noces" for the Ambassadors, and it is a recommendation rather than a disadvantage, that "Telling the Tale," is really our old friend "Oh, I say," in a different guise. Mr. Philip Braham's music is as breathless as the action it illustrates. Miss Marie Blanche, and a new comedian, Mr. Denier Warren, act as intensely as if there were no music to help them; Miss Nancy Gibbs sings so attractively that her every appearance is welcome; and two French artists, Miles. Dormeuil and Der-vyle, in a duet about the French mascots, "Kin-Tin-Tin and Ninette," have a turn so jolly that it would make the fortunes of almost any piece of this kind.

PELMANISM AND THE SILVER BADGE.

By GEORGE HENRY.

If it were within my power I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest import to the discharged soldier, and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside khaki, consigned my tin of "Soldier's Friend" to oblivion and feverishly arrayed myself in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosier could provide. . . .

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at "concert pitch." And so I thought that, with a world teeming with new topics ideas, and ideals, I could not fail to produce of my best, and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday, and, returning, came to my desk filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth, and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless, futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

And it was not just a matter of mood, for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every day's activities had been planned ahead for

me. Almost my every action had been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in, week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack drill."

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain, over-fed with facts and impressions, suffering from a species of mental indigestion, torpid and unresponsive to my will.

I had, indeed, come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this—much less for the occasional jam that makes life livable—with my mind rusted, faculties blunted, and thinking-power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that that sneaking little traitor, the Imp of Introspection, came upon the scene. I gave way to depression and doubt, and feared for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's "wash-outs," and in the light of later learning, I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity—until Pelmanism came to me!

Until Pelmanism came to me—by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement, and the subsequent clipping of a coupon. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them realise to the full the import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage first of all. The first "little Grey Book" refreshed and stung my mind into activity, just as a plunge into a cold bath reinvigorates a tired body.

The Imp of Introspection and the legions of other mental devils who are his co-mates fled from my ken. I had no further use for them, and as "Grey Book" followed "Grey Book," and the fascinating exercises of Pelmanism unfolded their interest and charm, my mind began to bestir itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

me. Almost my every action had been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in, week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack drill."

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life, gave me new interests, and made me THINK.

My mind began to function more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts, concentrate on a subject, analyse and classify possibilities, and finally express myself without the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work. The upshot is that to-day my work is accomplished with ease, and I am never tired of reiterating the fact that Pelmanism pays for itself a thousandfold.

So much for my personal experiences of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism, and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who, at their introduction to the Course, had suffered from the same mental "dry-rot" that was once my portion. I found, too, that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war. In many cases, officers who have appreciated the qualities of the men who served under them have paid for a course of Pelmanism for such men on their discharge from the Service. . . .

The Pelman Institute publishes a small book, "Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated: and a supplement treating of "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor." These two publications, together with a reprint of "Truth's" Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent gratis and post free, to any reader of "The Illustrated London News" who addresses a post-card to the Pelman Institute, 53, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. All correspondence is confidential.

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You have my permission to publish this letter, and also my photograph.

(Signed)

Harry Tate



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Mr. Harry Tate is just as human as we all, and is not exempt from the ordinary ills of life, so for instance, headaches and neuralgia worries; but, again like most other people, he knows the reason for these afflictions and has an abiding faith and lasting confidence in that supreme specific, "Daisy" Tablets.

His recent letter on this subject is both interesting and instructive.

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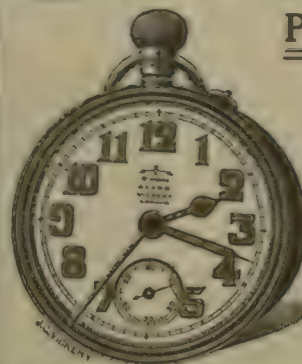
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NEW NOVELS.

"Karen." Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new novel, "Karen" (Collins), is a composite photograph, the salient features and characteristics of the German nation at war being blended in the picture she presents. Her English heroine, who has the misfortune to be in Reichenstadt in 1914-15, is the daughter-in-law of the commandant of an infamous prison camp, the acquaintance of one of the men responsible for the terror in Belgium, and a witness to the barbarism of German Red Cross nurses, and the martyrdom of wounded and starving Englishmen passing, at the mercy of the mob, through the streets of a German town. This is local colour indeed.

It cannot be said that anything introduced is without foundation in fact, though, perhaps not many young women would have had so much concentrated experience. Karen herself, pretty, young, charming and courageous, is a delightful person, and Mrs. Sidgwick's neat fingers never modelled a difficult subject with greater success than in the figure of Wolfram von Hohenroda, whose overbearing and intolerant pride of race does not express itself, after the manner of so many of his countrymen, in deliberate cruelty or obscenity. Harsh he is, certainly, especially in his treatment of his poor little overdriven son; but we can understand Karen's devotion to him, even after the amazing exhibition of rudeness by which he introduces himself in the railway carriage where they meet. The

book, with its vivid scenes, drawn as they are by a hand incapable of blurred or slovenly work, sets us wondering once again at the completeness with which a great people has been corrupted.

Have the Germans any idea of how they stand, now, in the eyes of the civilised world? They might do

(Hutchinson). She does not give her suburb a name; but it is easily recognised—near enough to Bedford Park to have literary and artistic inhabitants, far enough from Kensington to be unfashionable. Her middle-class people are the gentle Londoners whom we who live among them know and love, the conservative, shy, credulous and yet commonsensical citizens whose independence and native wit die in the last ditch together, and whose civilisation, East End or West End, is as deep and ancient as their quality of fighting endurance. Some day the Londoner, at whom the provinces laugh for a little squeaking Cockney, will come into his own, and meanwhile he is not without his interpreters—Miss Webling, for one.

The story she tells is the struggle of a man for the spirit of a woman, or of two women, since pretty Lily Bourne becomes indispensable in time to his purpose. Leo Vakeel's desire for domination does not stop short at physical possession. He finds that psychical experiment through a medium will bring the souls of the dead to his call. His spiritualistic dealings with the unseen degrade and ruin him. He exhausts his wife by forcing her into trance until her vitality is sapped beyond recovery. She passes on; and he begins to make use of Lily Bourne with the same vampire-like persistence.

Then begins the fight between him and Lily's rescuers. "In Our Street" illustrates the debasing effects of a preoccupation with the mysteries of the life beyond, and the punishment that overtakes the meddler who seeks to tear aside the veil between us and the next world with curious or unclean fingers.



THE ORDEAL FROM WHICH AMIENS HAS BEEN LIBERATED: A GERMAN SHELL BURSTING IN THE CITY.

British Official Photograph.

worse than read "Karen," which, in the modest dress of fiction, deals straightly with the truth.

"In Our Street." The obscure place of West London by the river is faithfully reproduced in Miss Peggy Webling's novel, "In Our Street"

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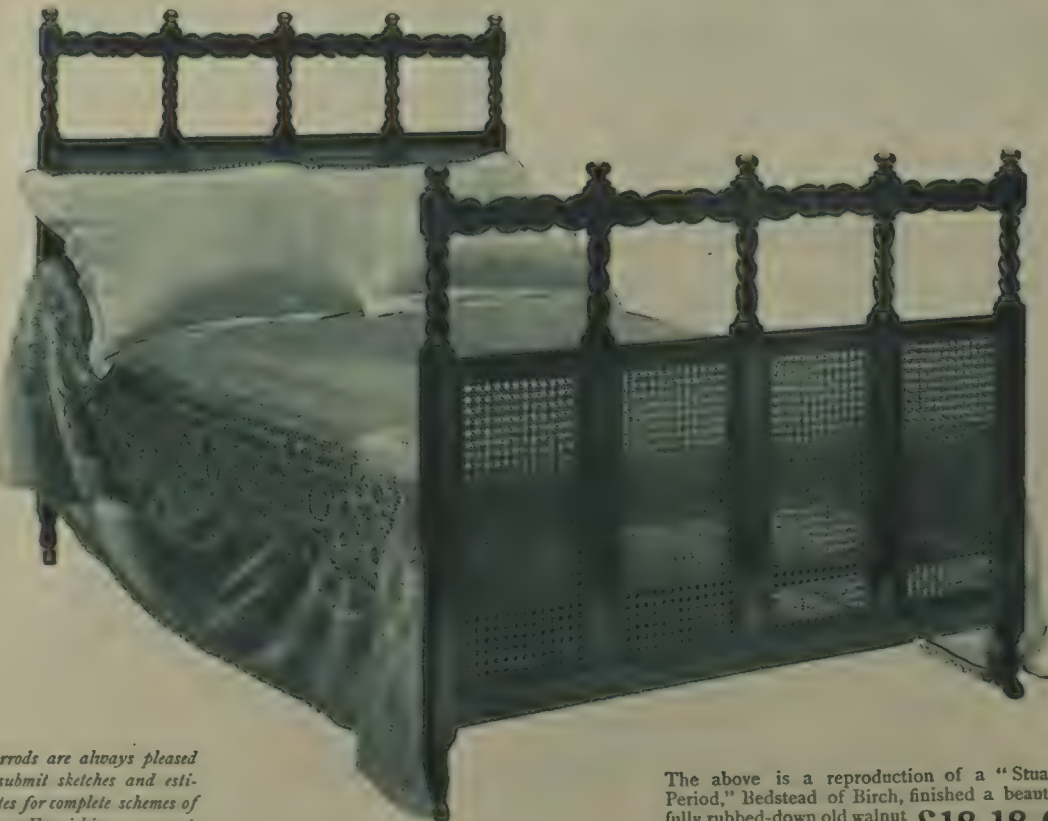
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LADIES' PAGE.

WITH startling suddenness the Great War has brought into prominence a number of problems about women's position that it was inevitable should, in course of time, come up for settlement, but that we anticipated would gradually and slowly present themselves for solution. The question of this sort that is the immediate topic of the hour is "equal pay for equal work." I do not for a moment suppose that it is going to be settled at once. Action and reaction—systole and diastole—the swing of the pendulum—such is the law of existence; and all the changes that are now being brought about will doubtless be challenged and disputed hotly enough before they are finally settled. But without the war, how long would it have been. I wonder, before we would have seen a great extensive and determined demand from women for equal pay with men for any equal work?

It is very unfortunate, in the interests of women-workers, that the women striking for this demand have done so (in some cases, at any rate) in a manner that is objectionable, and therefore prejudicial to themselves. The tram and omnibus girls of a seaside resort are an instance. Without the smallest warning, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they all ceased work, and so stopped abruptly the entire public vehicle traffic. The town is full of wounded soldiers there are, I believe, six thousand of them; their dinner is at noon, and by two o'clock great numbers of them have gone down to the front; and there the strike stranded hundreds of maimed and feeble men from hospitals on the summit of high hills, others from houses well inland. Little families, too, had come down to the sea by bus, perhaps two miles or more, from the outskirts of the town, where lodgings are cheapest.

These striking girls left all these people *planté-là*, without a word of warning; and as the general public watched wounded and maimed men painfully climbing to the hospitals, and mothers moiling along surrounded by crying, worn-out little children, the notion of "equal pay for equal work" no longer presented itself as an appeal to justice, but as a display of sheer selfishness, and utter lack of all those qualities of tender consideration for childhood and suffering mankind that are a part of traditional womanliness. It is to be specially noted, however, that the action of these girls at the seaside was not at all on their own initiative, but was ordered by

the men heads of their union in London. Male trades-unionists are fully alive to the fact that a protection to men's employment in preference to women underlies acceptance of the principle of equal work and equal pay for the sexes.



FOR RESTAURANT WEAR.

This simple but charming dress for restaurant wear is of pale-grey lace over grey satin, the lace edged with a pleating of grey tulle. A bishop's purple chamoisee sash is also worn. The black satin hat has its wide brim overlaid with grey lace, falling over the edge. A few fronds of paradise feathers soften the crown.

However, all this has no real relation to the pros and cons of "equal pay for equal work"; it has only pushed that question to the front with a rapidity and practical force that could never have been foreseen. It is patently a just demand. It is not the practice to pay anybody on the score of what they want to do with the money; it is not, then, a fair test of the relation between proper pay for a woman and for a man for equal services, to say that she needs less than he does because the man will probably be keeping a family. Many women also are keeping others—aged parents, or little fatherless brothers and sisters; and in most cases the woman working for wages requires the amount she earns to be sufficient to allow her to remunerate some other woman for doing her housework, cooking, and needlework, just as a man must do.

But even if not so, there is no reason for paying them less on some supposed less need for money. On the other hand, if women claim equal pay, there is a probable expectation of preference on the part of employers for men, as having more uniform good health, and being less nervous and irritable, and less sensitive to reproof; and it is in this expectation that, if pay is equal, the employer will prefer male labour, that men unionists officially support such a demand. Women, therefore, should now use every endeavour to prove that they are really men's equals as steady workers, and also in respect of courtesy, cheerful obedience, and so on, if they wish to be hereafter kept on in well-paid work.

The restrictions in coal and gas will make the housewives' food problems much more severe, for the physiologically satisfactory substitutes for meat and wheat unfortunately require very prolonged cooking. The pulses, beans, lentils, peas, and also many cereals—barley, maize, and oats, for instance—absolutely must have adequate cooking time, for no amount of soaking can take the place of the fire. Without prolonged boiling, these articles of food are not only unpalatable, but indigestible. A vegetarian friend tells me that it is feasible to cook at one time enough haricot beans or lentils to last for a week: if drained and kept in a clean larder, the beans will remain sweet, and can be cooked up in portions in varying manners. Another splendid device for economy is the Fireless Cooker, consisting of any air-tight box, with close-fitting lid, padded thickly with twisted newspaper or hay, leaving a central cavity to hold the cooking-pot, which must be put in boiling from the stove, and will complete the partial cooking of meat or vegetables without expense.—FILOMENA.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The "Pleasure" Car. Quite naturally, the topic which is most discussed in motoring circles at the moment is the recommendation of the Committee on the Luxury Tax that the "pleasure" car should be mulct in the full duty of twopence in the shilling on its first cost. I am not altogether certain that the consensus of opinion is against the tax, if it can be so arranged that only the car which is to be used entirely for pleasure or for the purposes of mere social convenience should pay the duty. It is perfectly clear that money must be raised in some way to pay the colossal costs of the war; and therefore taxation which in normal times would be enough to bring about a revolution must be and will be—submitted to with comparative cheerfulness. But if the country is to exhibit the requisite cheerfulness under the adversity of super-taxation, care must be taken that its incidence shall be as fair as possible in the circumstances. Of course, it is quite impossible for all our new



IN THE MATOPPOS: A NAPIER IN RHODESIA.

Our photograph shows an extra-strong Colonial Napier car, which was driven by Mr. A. C. Henderson on his record run from Salisbury (Rhodesia) to Cape Town, which he completed in 13 days. Mr. Henderson joined the Rhodesian Platoon of the King's Royal Rifles, went to France, won the Military Medal, was wounded and discharged. He still holds the record of being the only motorist to complete the trip from Salisbury to Cape Town, and he pays a notable tribute to his Napier car.

taxes to be devoid of unfairness somewhere. Even a Chancellor of the Exchequer is human, and must err. Where, however, the incidence is manifestly unfair, I think a good case exists for very careful consideration before, even in these days of greatest need, another tax is imposed. I have said that I cannot find that there is a great deal of opposition to the principle of including the "pleasure" car in the Luxury Tax schedule. I do not see how there could be, except from the point of view that the car and its use are already called upon to pay more in proportion than most motorists consider equitable. But where the shoe is very likely to pinch—and to pinch severely—is in the definition of where "utility" ends and "pleasure" begins. As I believe I have pointed out in a previous article in these pages, the motorist himself has been a little to blame for his easy acceptance of the term "pleasure" car. Not only here has it led to something akin to trouble, for I read that in Canada a very vigorous protest has been made to the Government relative to the use of the term. We have allowed the term

(Continued overleaf)

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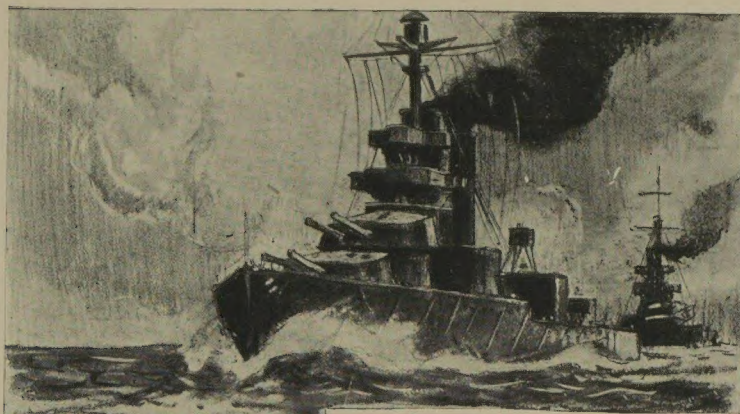
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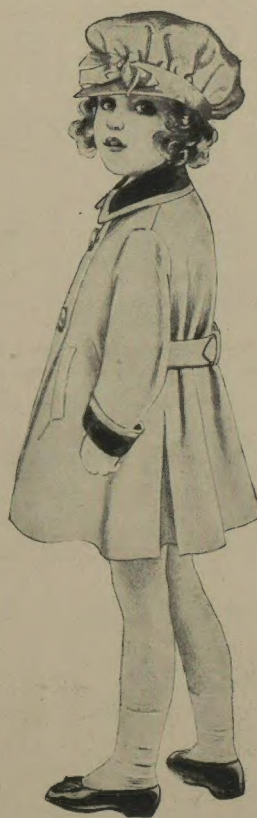
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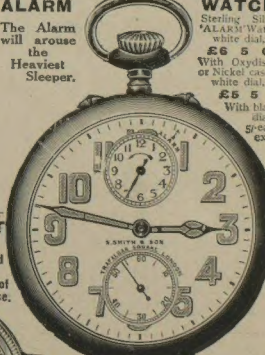
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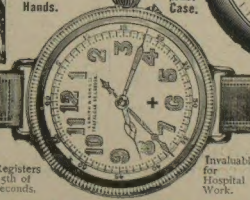
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Continued.
to apply to a type, which is quite wrong. We have simply divided our motor vehicles into three generic groups, and have classified them as (a) industrial vehicles, which are solely adapted for carrying goods; (b) public-service vehicles; and (c) pleasure cars, including all vehicles, no matter to what actual use they are put, which do not fall under either of the first two heads. This is manifestly wrong; and it becomes quite clear that the definition must be amended.

A Conference Suggested.

At the moment we are mainly concerned with the question of super-taxation, but from other points of view, particularly because of the universality of use of the motor-car to which we are coming, it is highly desirable that we should have some better classification than we have at present. We should be prepared with a clear set of definitions, with adequate reasons why one and the other should be excluded from the taxation schedule. Personally, I am not going, for the time being at any rate, to attempt the drawing up of a set of definitions, for the reason that it is not so simple a task as it appears to be. There are a number of questions involved which are really difficult to answer



NOT TO BE BEATEN: A VAUXHALL FIGHTING THE MUD.

A 25-h.p. Vauxhall staff car is shown in our photograph being hauled out of the mud of Mesopotamia by a party of men whose number suggests that the obstacle is of a more than usually clinging nature.

off-hand, as anyone may see for himself, if he cares to essay the drawing-up of a set of workable definitions. These matters being as they are, I would suggest that

the R.A.C., the A.A., and the S.M.M.T. should confer on the whole question, and, together, prepare a set of working definitions differentiating the luxury car, pure and simple, from the car which is used in varying degrees for both business and pleasure. I am confident it is necessary, if the motorist is to secure anything like equitable treatment when the Luxury Tax comes to be discussed in Parliament.

W. W.

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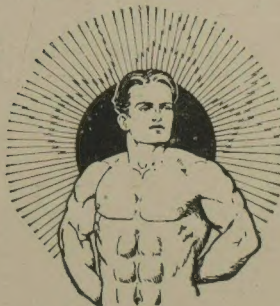
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